THE

SUCCESSION.

CARMEN
HANNONIANIS
Imperiali Coronæ
ANGLIÆ
SUCCESSORIBUS
Dicatum.

Auctore *Elkanah Settle.*

LONDINI,

Excudit *Johannes Nutt*, prope Aulam Biblio-polarum, MDCCIII.

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THE *HANNOVER* SUCCESSION TO THE Imperial CROWN OF ENGLAND, AN Heroick POEM.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

Pro aris & focis.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*,

MDCCII!

TO THE
Lords and Commons
OF
ENGLAND.

Gentlemen,

THE Act of Settlement, *possibly the Noblest Work of Your whole fair Creation, has fixed that Lasting Honour on the Great Founders, as shall only terminate with the Date of that Pile of Glory,* viz. *The National Happiness this Establishment has rais'd; that Happiness, which, in the fairest prospect of Humane Reason and Expectation, seems rooted with so firm an Entail of Blessings, as shall descend to latest Ages: And consequently Time's last Glass which shall only shake the one, shall silence the other.*

To do Right to this August Assembly, *for so glorious a Labour, You have so much more signally exerted the Patriots, as 'tis not so much a Present or Temporal Zeal for Your Countrie's Safety, as a Provision for her Futurity; whilst, like the setting the Acorne, the Growth and the Umbrage the Great Product shall bring, are design'd to enrich Posterity.*

To add one (no common) Glory more to this Propitious Settlement, it had the Honour more peculiarly to derive its Birth from the never to be forgotten Champion of the English *Liberties, the Great* NASSAU. *And indeed there wanted only the Royal Production of this last* Minerva, *to compleat his Character, and finish the HERO. For as He came over to*

recover

recover our Religious and Civil Rights, the only remaining great Work of Conſummation, was, to perpetuate them too. And poſſibly, amongſt his whole ever fragrant Memoirs, this laſt ſhall remain not the leaſt Monument of his Deathleſs Fame: For as the Policy to ſecure a Victory, is no leſs important than the Proweſs to atchieve it; the Deliverance he brought us, had not reacht the full Height of Perfection, till to make it compleatly Glorious, he had thus laid it a Foundation of Immortality.

The Diſputes of Imperial Succeſſion, *have too often been the greateſt Diſturbers of the World; and conſequently, of all the* Senatory *Great* COUNSELS, *the effectually providing and fencing againſt all Riſing Clouds from that Louring Region, appears ſo truly the moſt celebrated Act of the whole Wiſdom of the Nation, as being, of all her Undertakings, the moſt Pacifick.*

And as ſo many Parliamentary Precedents and Records of the Diſpoſal of the Royal Deſcent *lie ſo fair before You, 'tis Your no little Happineſs,* Gentlemen, *and no leſs the Glory of Your unqueſtion'd* Engliſh *Birthright, That You ſit in thoſe Walls, not only to give Your ſelves Your own Laws, but likewiſe the* ROYAL HANDS *in which You truſt them too.*

And undoubtedly that Prince that's thus introduced by the more immediate Voice of the whole Conſtitution, *makes the moſt pompous Entry to a Throne, when his Royal Palace is a Fabrick rais'd by no leſs than the whole joyn'd Hands of* England. *And the Crown'd Head may there reaſonably expect the greateſt Alacrity in the National Obedience, where the Supreme Command is her own Voluntary and Select Donation.*

HANNONIANA SUCCESSIO.

INsupèr immensi Myrias cùm subdita Regni
ÆTERNUM agnôrant; Infinito addere, & arctum
Heu nimis Imperium distendere, Diva Voluntas,
Tanta scabella D E I, *posuit fundamina* Mundi.
Sexta Dies en vidit opus; Vox sola laborem
Hæc fabra perfecit. Totum omnibus Esto *dat esse.*
Sic Solem *accendit, qui Lucis grandior Orbis*
Et Terris Astrisque benignè accommodat ignes,
Ætернæ LUCIS famulus, lumenque ministrum.

Extructa Omnipotens nunc CONDITOR Æthera *vidit,*
Expansumque, Throni Confinia splendida, Mundum.
Dumque ignita polus tot millia Lumina volvit;
Centralemque globum tam vastè Circulus ambit,
Quò non resplendens operosi machina Cœli:
Heu tamen iste Labor primarum quinque dierum
Uni tota patet sextæ subservula moles.
Numinis *hic Prorex, HOMO, vendicat Astra polosque.*
Huic datur extensis, haud plus quàm tegmine, Cœlis,
Infima subjectas calcare pedulia Terras.

Hæc

THE
Hannover Succession.

WHen 'midst the Myriads of his Angel Train,
The Great IMMORTAL, in his bound-
less Reign,
T' increase his Subjects, and enlarge his Sway,
Foundations of new *Worlds* was pleas'd to lay;
His vast *Creation* Footstool fram'd beneath;
His six Days Work, the Labour of a Breath:
He lighted up the SUN, a menial Ray
To his Original Everlasting DAY.

Here the Great ARCHITECT, all pleas'd look'd down
To see this beauteous Outwork to his Throne:
The whole expanded Pile adorn'd so bright,
With thousand and ten thousand Orbs of Light.
With this vast Circle round the central Ball,
In that fair Mould the bright Creation cast;
Yet still his whole First five Days Labours, all,
Were only fram'd for Vassals to the Last;
His own great Viceroy, MAN; the Heav'ns no more
Then his high Roof, and Earth his humble Floor.

Such

Hæc Ditio, *hic* Dominus *dum ſic ſtetit, undique Imago*
Maxime, *magna,* Deus, *tua jam diffuſa per Orbem,*
Floruit Humani Generis divina Propago :
Stemmata tot radice unâ deducta paternâ.
Dumque hinc Naturæ Dominatio; tanta pateſcunt
Humanæ ſobolis patrimonia : Ceu vagus Ignis
Ille Diem irradians; vel flamma minuta per umbras
Scintillans; longo volvuntur Sydera curſû :
Cum totâ Annorum Tempeſtatumque phalange
Huic ſolo Præfecto *inſervitura rotantur.*
Gloria tanta Homini, tantâque ab Origine nato,
Muſica Spherarum cui concinit alta Triumphum,
Nil mirum eſt, elatum ANIMA *cùm pectus anhelet.*
Huic datur exanimis moles, Dominoque miniſtrat,
Quem MENS, quem RATIO, ſpirans divinius, inflat.

Cùm tam munificè dederat Deus omnia, (vere
Omnia, ſe dederat : Mens eſt cæleſtis Origo,
Subjectæ divuſque Vicarius incola Terræ :)
Dumque Homo, Cura Dei, dilectum Nomen, Honores
Tot tantoſque refert, ornatque hæc Gratia pectus;
Humano ut quid adhuc Divinius emicet ore,
Amplius hoc homini donavit Numen; Obedi.
Oh quid Obedire, hoc munus cæleſtius, affert?
Quò Mens *evehitur! Quid non* Anima *ambiat! Altè*
Tam latéque volat nimis expatiata Voluntas;
Nil niſi Lex *rapidas* Regimenque *coerceat alas.*
Harmonia hinc orta eſt, Ordoque, Ligamina Mundi.

Pluſquam

Such the Dominion, ſuch the Regent Head,
Th' Almighty FOUNDER ſaw his Image ſpread;
A multiplying Race, the lovely Fruit,
All richly ſprung from one paternal Root.
Such the vaſt Soverain Birthright of Mankind,
For Nature's Univerſal Lord deſign'd;
The Fires that gild the Day, and deck the Night,
With their whole Train of Seaſons, Days and Years,
All their whole Hierarchy his miniſtring Light:
For him they dance their round, and tune their Spheres.
Nor wonder MAN that native Glory claim'd;
He wore a SOUL: His Breaſt ſo richly ſtor'd;
Juſtly th' inanimate Creation fram'd
A Homager t' Imperial REASON's Lord.

The great DISPENSER when he thus decreed
For Man the whole great All (the All indeed!
The GOD himſelf he gave; all Heav'nly born
The Graces which the Humane Breaſt adorn;)
What tho' ſo num'rous, and ſo large his Grants,
Man in a Tributary World he plants;
His Lordly Creature ſtill new Grandeur wants.
For tho' thus born to this exalted Sway,
To make him Greater ſtill, he muſt *Obey*.
Unbounded *Will*, Man's too expanded Mind,
The Fence of Laws and Government muſt bind.
Order and Harmony from Obedience ſprung;
Obedience tuned the Everlaſting Song.

Pluſquam Pierios Fontes Deus hinc dedit Aſtris ;
Hinc Chorus Æternus, reſonantia gaudia Cœli.
Cœlicolis quid Stella, Coronaque ? Maxima Divûm
Gloria Obedire eſt : Hinc Angele *ſumis Honorem.*

Utque tuis, ſurſùm REGIMEN divinius ortum,
Cardinibus moveant, Orbis non conditus, ille
Heu longùm ante Orbes, Palatiaque alta Columnis
Pluſquam Sydereis ; (Deus hîc videt Aſtra deorſùm :)
Grandius haud poterat Prudentia Diva, *ſupernum*
Quam poſuiſſe ſuum Exemplar, totaſque regendas
Ex ſolo ſtatuiſſe ſuo moderamine Terras-----
Si modò mandantem datur omnibus edere vocem,
Nemine parenti mandatis------Vana chimæra !
Nec foret Imperii chaos hoc cæleſtis origo.
Horrida deformes ubi prodit Anarchia *vultus,*
Nil habet iſta Dei, effigies inverſa Deorum.
Sic ergò ut Superis, ex hoc tutamine fulto,
Decretum eſt, Dominanda Poteſtas *imperet Orbi ;*
Quid ſi picta Dei ſit forma minutior ore
Humano ; ut Radio majore niteſceret Umbra,
Archetypum *excudit, toto de* Numine, *REGEM.*

Imò ita mundanum inſtituit moderamen ad inſtar
Divini Solii : Nauarchuſque unicus adſit
Clavo Regnorum. Caput Imperiale coruſcat
Cùm tam grandis Honos ; hinc Gentibus undique lætis
Ludere ſub Radiis datur, & dormire ſub Umbrâ.
Tanta dat Imperium : Quid non ? Hinc omnia ; ab illo

Gloria,

The whole bright Choir their duteous homage pay;
Their Crowns of Stars but half their Beams diſplay:
The high'ſt Angelick Glory's to obey.

If GOVERNMENT's the Standart Rule above,
His own High'r Heav'ns on her bleſt Hinges move;
Heav'ns long before Creation-work begun;
The Throne whence God looks down on Stars and Sun;
What nobler Frame cou'd the All-wiſe deſign,
Then that th' Oeconomy below ſhou'd ſhine
A Copy from th' Original Divine!
All to command, and be obey'd by none,
Bears Contradiction in the Name alone:
Nor were that Sway a Copy from his own.
When *Anarchie*'s wild Viſage looks abroad,
'Tis not the Picture, but Reverſe of God.
Thus then reſolv'd to fix Commanding Pow'r;
Though Man his own fair Miniature before:
More near the Life his own great Draught to bring,
He moulded from the GOD, and ſtampt the KING.

Yes, here he model'd from his own High Reign:
One Pilot-hand muſt the great Helm ſuſtein.
By that bright Head protected Nations ſway'd,
'Tis in his Beams they bask; ſleep in his Shade.
Peace, Safety, Glory; our whole Bleſſings ſhine,
All Emanations from that Sourſe Divine.

So

Gloria, Paxque, Saluſque eſt Emanatio Fonte.
Sub Duce Cæleſti ſic Iſrael *ille beatus*
(Æquum Præſidium, non Mirum!) viderat olim
(En nubem te das LUX ſempiterna; tuíſque
Quid non das?) præ ſe progreſſum umbratile Numen;
Et tutelarem flammantem nocte Columnam.

Dum REGIMEN ſacrum Caput illum, tanta coronant
Lumina; Diva Salus, *ut tota Creatio fauſtis*
Auſpiciis lætè moveat, Terriſque beandis,
Diviſum Sceptris dedit Imperialibus Orbem.
Ex hinc ſi Gentes ſociandæ; hinc fœdera Mundi;
Euge, beata, tuum dic quale, Britannia, *Sceptrum.*
Dic quænam Aſtra regunt Borealia Sydera; Currum
Quinam Auriga tenet; Veſtri quæ Lora Bootæ?

Summa Coronarum LEX Gemma; à Lege ligante
Obſequii Vinclum; petit hinc munimina Virtus.
Lex Propugnatrix Fideique dolique flagellum:
Juſtitiæ lances tu das; tua, Sanctio Juris.
Lex lux Naturæ: Ratio hinc Oracula pandit.
Hinc oritur ſocialis Amor, culturaque Morum:
Barbariem lenire tuum eſt; pacare furorem:
Pectora ſi quid habent humana humanius, à te
Vidimus effrænes animos, rabiemque domatos.
Panduntur portus? Diſtendunt carbaſa venti?
Lege pererrati ſtant hoſpita limina Mundi.
A Lege Imperium; tua, Regni lora; deditque
Ipſe Deus PRIMUM ſe MOBILE, teque ſecundum.
Deliciæ, Decus, & Tutela, hæc incola muris

Eſto

So th' Heavenly Guide did wandring *Israel* bless:
(Alike the Guardians, tho' the Wonder less)
By Day their Screening Umbrage; and by Night
Their tutelary Pillar's Leading Light.

As *Government* does these bright Beams disperse;
The spacious Round of the wide Universe,
All Canton'd out into *Imperial* Hands,
Society on this Foundation stands;
Britannia, say, With what Auspicious Reign
Dost thou thy Soverain Orb of Pow'r sustain?
What smiling Aspects drive thy *Northern Wain?*

LAW, the Crown's fairest Gem; Obedience
Securest Cement; Vertue's best Defence:
Truth's Champion; Falshood's Scourge; Charter of Right;
Great Reason's Oracle, and Nature's Light:
Hence Manners, and all mutual Ties were fram'd;
Barbarity civiliz'd, and ev'n the Savage tam'd;
By this Reforming Pow'r all kept in awe,
Humanity's first Great Refiner, Law.
Are the Ports open, are the Sails unfurld?
Law paves the Paths round th' Hospitable World.
Wise Empire by her Reins can only draw,
The Second to the great FIRST MOVER, Law.
This beauteous *Tutelar*, with all her Charms
Lodg'd in thy Walls, *Britannia*, in thy Arms;

Eſto tuis: En Forma venuſta; venuſtior Ortus:
Luxurians non ſtemma Throni; non Embryo raptìm
Prægnanti Ambitui: Tua diva Creatio ſola eſt.
Hîc Populus *fundat Legem, plebeſque* Brittanna
Regia *Sancire eſt, ſancitæ* ſubdita *Legi.*
Ex his fauſta bonis Geniis, *hinc protegis Arva,*
Protegis hinc Aras. Ter fœlix Anglia, *cui ſint*
Unio, Libertas, Jus, *tot tantique* Penates.
Imperii auratas has detur ſtare Columnas;
Cum tibi Fabra manus, tua vincla Monilia fiunt.

Hic Honor, utque hæc ſint Munimina, Terra beata,
Quid defit votis; ultraque quid amplius optes!
Imò licèt radiata tuo Lex Orbe refulget,
Altius elata eſt tibi Gloria. Quid tibi Pactum
Servitii *IMPERII QUE, baſis tua maxima? Non hæc*
Omne dat optandum. Siquando lumine læſo,
Proſpectû horrendo videas non amplius Ora
Divina, eraſum Numen, Caput inſupèr Auri,
Ex ferro lutoque pedes; heu vilius iſtud,
Heu valdè indignum ſceptri, valdè impar Honori:
Tunc tibi tu Fidei Defenſor, *cauta timore*
* *Magnanimo, Regemque vocas, juſteque Coronâ*
Divinum Caput, & Pectus Divinius, ornas.

Cœleſtis centè Inflatus Prudentia tanta eſt.
Æqua Poteſtatum caute Libramina penſas.
Hâc donata manû Regnorum Inſignia Magnus
Sumpſerat AURIACUS. Naturæ ab origine, primâ

* Non impropriè. Timida ad viſum periculorum; magnanima repellendis.

Lex,

No wild Luxuriant Offspring of the Throne;
Her whole Divine Creation's all thy own.
Thy *Popular Hands* found thy Imperial Sway,
Lords to make Laws, and *Subjects* to obey.
Oh bliſsful Region, Union's Native Soil,
Where Liberty and Right ſo radiant ſmile;
When Empire on ſuch Golden Pillars ſtands,
The Bonds are Bracelets tyed by our own Hands.

Happy *Britannia*, ſuch thy State of Bliſs,
What haſt thou more to ask, or more to wiſh?
Yes, though thy Orb Law's dazling Beauties fill,
To thy bright Sphere thou add'ſt new Luſtre ſtill.
Tho' on this Baſis does thy Greatneſs ſtand,
This Compact of *Obedience* and *Command*;
Yet when with wiſe Foreſight thou doſt behold
Thy dang'rous too hardfated Heads of Gold
Debas'd to ſordid Feet of Iron and Clay,
Too courſe allay'd for thy Imperial Sway;
Juſtly thy Soverain Helm's defenſive Fear
Calls o'er more bright Divinity to ſteer.

Such thy Prudentials, ſure inſpir'd by Heav'n,
Thou wiſely ſet'ſt dread Power's Libration even.
Such the bright Entry of thy great *NASSAU!*
Self-preſervation, Nature's Origin Law,

Thine

Lex, Sibi-præſidium; *donat tua dextra Coronas.*
Quid non poſſe tibi? Tua, Sceptra; tua, Omnia; & Omne es.

Anglia, *ſic ubi te pacemque pericla minantur,*
Ille innatus Honos, animans tua pectora, fervet;
Seritus eſto procul! Tu, dedignata puſillè
Elanguere, caput robuſtior erigis altum,
Quàm poni juga poſſe; ſuperbior, ora capiſtro
Quàm tua porrigeres. Hinc ſtas munita, tuique
Diſcis obumbrati diſpellere Nubila Phœbi.
HANNONIANA *tuæ ſic orta eſt GLORIA Terræ.*

Eurania, *euge, novem ditiſſima forma Sororum,*
Solùm tanta tuum ſit opus celebrare Trophæa.
HANNONII (*ſi poſſe*) Aquilæ *volet æmula Muſa:*
Sit via in Excelſis tentanda. Ab Apolline *divum*
Afflatum implores, inſpirandumque Poema.
Quid Muſa? *Hoc cantû* Muſæ Deus *ipſe laboret:*
Exerat hîc totum radiatum Numen Apollo.
Quâ, niſi voce tuâ reſonent, Sapientia *diva,*
(Te ſpirante, tua eſt Electio) gaudia tanta?
Quid niſi, ab hâc Ærâ, Mens, *pluſquam* Delphica, *tota*
Auſpicia enarret, ſeriſque nepotibus auram
Anglorum ſemper roſeam; hinc data munera Cœli?

Antè tamen tua te ſublimior evehat ala,
Grandius ut ſacræ Theſis illuſtrentur Honores,

Jani

Thine the great Hand do's the Wreath'd Brow enſtal;
Thou giveſt Crowns; all things: Doſt all, and art all.

Thus fair *Britannia*, when thy Dangers threat,
So ſprightly do's thy Pulſe of Honour beat;
Diſdaining ſervilely to ſhrink or droop;
Too ſtrong to ſhake, and much too brave to ſtoop,
Made by that great protecting Maxim wiſe,
So taught to clear thy Air, uncloud thy Skies,
Thy Darling *HANNOVER*'s new GLORIES riſe.

Here fair *Urania*, Heav'nlieſt of the Nine,
The Song of this Days Triumph only thine;
With that true Flight let thy wing'd Raptures tour;
If poſſible, high as his *Eagles* ſoar.
Invoke *Apollo*'s beſt inſpiring Beam,
The *Muſes God*, t' aſſiſt this Mighty Theme;
A glorious Theme of that ſublime Deſert,
As ev'n his own whole Godhead might exert.
What leſs then Wiſdom's Deity's own Voice
To Chant this Royal wiſeſt *Albion* Choice?
What leſs then his own Delphick Brighteſt Ray,
Th' Oraculous Propheticks to diſplay
Of thoſe deſcendant Bleſſings, fix'd by Fate,
Which ſhall on His auſpicious Scepter wait?

But e'er my *Muſe* th' Heroick Sally makes,
T· illuſtrate the great Theme ſhe undertakes,

Jani *luce retrò per ſæcula reſpice longa:*
Heroum Anglorum *celeberrima Facta canantur.*
Hinc tibi, Muſa, *petas* Helicona; *hinc carmina digna:*
Magnis Præteritis majus Præſenſque reponas
Cantandum. Penſat quæ comparat. Hinc tibi pennâ
Depictam HANNONII *fulgentem perfice Famam.*

Dic quàm fragrabant Connubia ſacra Roſarum.
Quid non Eboracum, *quid non* Lancaſtria *debes*
His Thalamis?-----Decoranda petant Diademata Gangem
Pactolo *addendum,* Soliſque *ornare metallum*
Lucidulum, referant pondus fulgentius Auro.
Floribus, Albionis *pluſquam gemmata Corona eſt.*
Quantam, HENRICE, *manû tenuiſti,* ſeptime, *palmam!*
Antiquæ Vates fileat miracula Virgæ.
Germinat hoc Sceptrum manſuræ pacis Olivam.
Inſula tota ſub his ridet felicibus Aſtris:
Jurgia cuncta ſilent: Non ultrà terra fluento
Purpureo erubuit: Non barbara mœnia Regum:
Nunc procul Enſis abeſt: Nunc concertata Poteſtas,
Iſta Orbis longùm turbatrix, exul ab oris,
Dormit in æternum tutò. Hinc Deus otia fecit,
Regia cùm Ramo duplex Roſa *pendeat uno.*
Hinc habet unde mori Bellumque & ſemina Belli,
Siquando Ambitio plenè ſatiata recumbit.

Muſa STUARTORUM *nunc pervolet altiùs Orbem*
Anglorum PRIMI. *Jam grandius aſpice Sceptrum,*
Biſque Coronatum Caput; enumereſque Britannis
Pacificum Sydus *quæ fauſta hoc contulit Aſtra.*

A tranſient *Janus* View firſt let her caſt
Back through *Britannia*'s proudeſt Glories paſt:
From the Great *Paſt*, the Greater *Preſent* view:
To blazon the *HANNONIAN* LUSTRE through,
And ſet true Bleſſings at a Light more fair;
The nobleſt Teſt of Worth is to compare.

Say then what Sweets did that Rich Bed diſcloſe,
That joyn'd the *York*, and the *Lancaſtrian* ROSE?
Let the gay Crown with Orient Jewels dreſt,
Strip the whole ſparkling Glories of the Eaſt,
T' adorn the brighter *Albion Diadem*,
The twining *Flow'rs* were here the Nobleſt Gem.
When th' *Albion* Scepter in *Seventh HENRY*'s Hand,
So all Divinely bloom'd like *Aaron's Wand*,
With what Propitious univerſal Smile
Did that bleſt Union cheer our happy Iſle!
The Land no more with ſtreaming Crimſon bluſht:
No more the Sword conteſting Empire drew;
That great Diſturber of the World lay huſht,
Whilſt on one Stem the *Royal Roſes* grew.
Diſcord and War ev'n their whole Seeds muſt ceaſe,
When ſatisfy'd Ambition's lull'd to Peace.

From theſe twin Roſes mount my Muſe yet high'r,
Up to the great *FIRST JAMES* his Orb aſpire.
From an Imperial Head here doubly Crown'd,
Recount the vaſter Hoard of Bleſſings found
In *JAMES* his wider all Pacifick Round.

HENRY's

Unitis quæ fama Roſis? Roſa, Carduus, *uno*
Stemmate nunc florent. Henrici *Gloria ſolùm*
Regales unire Domos ; ſed Regna, Jacobi.
Albion *& quondam diviſa* Albania, *longa*
Hinc Radius mulſit faſtidia ; pectora dura
Mollis Amorque inflans Sponſalia Regia fecit.
Virgineumque duplex nunc Magna Britannia *nomen*
Abſtulit. Hinc Limes, Confinia, turgida quondam
Nomina, miteſcunt ; dum quas Natura ligavit,
Junxerit Imperium ſociali fœdere Terras.
Thameſis *ad* Thetin *&* Tweda *illabuntur eandem ;*
Amplexûque petunt commune cubile marinum.
Agnôrunt unum Neptunum : *Sub* Jovis *uno*
Unius Imperio nunc ſubdita Flumina currunt.
Anglica Progenies, vel nondum nata Triumphos
Hos longùm recinet. Lætis hinc gaudia ſæc'lis.
Tot, tanta, Imperio Sator *ille* Bohemius *affert :*

Magna Retrò hæc recitas, ſed nondum Maxima ; Muſa
Proſpice, præluſtres ſi vis cantare Triumphos.
Obfirmare Thronos, vel dilatare, JACOBI
HENRICIQUE *Labor minor iſte, minutaque fama.*
Quid geminare Roſas ; & quid diſtendere Regna ?
Inferius mundanum opus, hoc, terrenaque cura.
Eſt opus HANNONIO *Divinius : Anglia, teque*
Ad Majora vocat ; non ſolùm Sceptra, ſed Aras,
Irradiare tuum eſt ; A te diteſcere Cælos.
VERI Immortalis cæleſti fortius Orbe
Firmatum Imperium, cum ſit tibi cura tuendi ;

Quantula

HENRY's leſs Union a leſs Glory claims,
He but joyn'd Families; but Kingdoms, *JAMES*.
A too cold Diſtance, and too coy a Pride
Did th' *Albion* and *Albania* once divide;
Till by a Warmth from his bright Beams convey'd,
His generous Hand the *Royal Spouſals* made.
Thoſe Maiden Titles from this Knot cou'd boaſt
Almoſt their Names in *Great Britannia* loſt.
Borders and Barriers ſounds even heard no more,
Now Empire ty'd what Nature joyn'd before.
The *Thames* and *Tweed* their common Tribute pay,
Both in one watry Bed, mixt in one Sea,
They own'd one *Neptune*; now one *JOVE* obey.
What Ayres did the all charm'd *Britannia* ſing,
With her bleſt Joys beneath ſo warm a Wing?
All this the great *BOHEMIAN* SIRE cou'd bring.

Tho' thy exalted Wing, my *Muſe*, thus ſtretcht,
Thou haſt not yet the Height of Glory reacht.
To ſecure Empire, or enlarge a Throne,
Was *JAMES* and *HENRY*'s fam'd great Work alone.
Th' United Kingdoms, or twinn'd Roſes, here,
Were but the Buſineſs of the World's low'r Sphere.
Great *HANNOVER*, with Glory more Divine,
Ca'''d ev'n t' enrich high Heav'n, make Altars ſhine;
To fix Immortal *TRUTH*'s celeſtial Sway
In her full Orb of never-ſetting Day;

Quantula te juxta Proavorum Gloria ? Dextris
Solùm conceſſa eſt Regalibus hiſce poteſtas
Addendi Gemmas : Oh Tu ſublimior Atlas,
Grandius ecce tuum. Tibi ſit ſtellare *Coronas.*

Lætantes luſtrare Orbes, & gaudia latè
Sparſa, (hæc quæ cumulat SUCCESSIO ;) ſi tibi poſſe
Cantus hinc omnes percurrere, Muſa, Britannos,
A clangore Tubæ tenue ad modulamen Avenæ ;
Circuitu primo ſacros en pervaga Campos
Caſtalios. *Non nunc Bifrontem, perſpice Binum*
Pernaſſum Albionis, *duplex ubi fonte perenni*
Oxoniique Helicon, Almæ Matriſque *ſcaturit.*
Inter Apollineos ex hâc regione Triumphos,
Dum, venturorum Sæclorum præſcia, cernit
HANNONIANA *Spei fundamina tanta* Britannæ
Anglia ; *& Auſpiciis effundit Vota Preceſque :*
Oxonium, *dic, quanta Choros tibi gaudia replent.*
Non ultrà ſpoliatus ager ; non nubilus Aer.
Gloria abinde, Salus, Fulcrum, Decus----En Caput *altum*
Hîc Bodlæanum *proſtratum ! Humilem ecce ſuperbit*
HANNONII *pedibus turritum flectere frontem.*

Magdalena *tuis ſoſpes nunc incola muris*
Non ultrà luctû nitidos turbabit ocellos.
Dumque lavat muros ; & opimas undique ripas
Iſidis & Thami *cryſtallina perluit unda ;*
Lymphis nunc longùm ſanis, & fonte ſereno ;
Non immixta tuas Tiberina aqua *polluet Urnas.*
Æternùm tutæ, fauſto Regnoque potitæ,

Euſebiæ

Their fainter Lustre cou'd but add a *Gemm:*
His Call to Empire *Stars* the Diadem.

Here cou'd the *Muse* survey the Numerous Choirs,
Which this Great Theme with various Ayres inspires;
(The Musick diff'rent, but the Joys agreed;)
From the Court *Trumpet* down toth' humble Cottage *Reed:*
To trace 'em through their whole vast *British* Round;
Take thy first View from *Learning's* hallow'd Ground.
Say then from *Literature's* twin *Albion* Fount,
Oxon, and *Alma Mater's Helicon*-Springs,
How high th' *Apollinary* Raptures mount,
To chant the Joys this blest SUCCESSION brings.
When *Britain* full of her best Pray'rs and Vows,
Sourse of her Hopes, to that great Head she bows,
Secure thy Glebe, and all Serene thy Air;
Oh say, fair *Oxon*, what's thy Homage there?
Thy whole Great *Bodley* in his Train attends
To *HANNOVER* his tow'ry Forehead bends.

Thy once sad *Magdalene*, now past all Fears,
No more her beauteous Eyes shall drown in Tears.
With thy fair *Thame* and *Isis* by thy side,
By thy rich Banks does their clear Crystal glide,
Safe from their Urns the Native Currents pour:
No *Tybur* mixture shall thy Waters sow'r.

Thy

Euſebiæ *tibi caſta Cohors* (*pia turma* Dianæ
Illius Angliacæ) *dum balnea ſacra pudicis*
Expetat à Lymphis, & amænis luſitet agris,
Hîc tenet Halcyonis Nidum, ſedemque quietam.

A bino Angliacæ *pacato hoc fonte* Minervæ,
Hinc ab Honore TOGÆ, Cœlique Artiſque peritis,
His Fidei Orac'lis, immortaliſque Coronæ
Militibus; nunc Muſa Stolæ *perluſtret Honorem.*
CÆSARIS *Heroas,* Juriſque *Oracula viſet;*
Perdoctoſque tuos, Aſtrea, *perambulet Orbes.*
A Terris exùl tu quondam ad Sydera Virgo,
Nunc Aſtrea redux, *tutè inſtauruta recumbis*
Angliaco ſolio: Solium NASSOVIUS *HEROS*
Conditor infractum renovavit: Fauſtior ANNA
Augetque & decorat: Firmatque in ſæcula ſolus
HANNONIUS: *Baſis hinc æternè immota manebit.*

Nunc tam ſecuræ peragrant tua mœnia Leges;
Mellea Jura *fluunt nunquam ſtagnante meatû.*
Non ultrà Judex, *mandante Tyrannide,* (*raucâ*
Voce) *venenatos nunc imbibit aure ſuſurros:*
Non ultrà aſcendunt tam nigra Scabella Tribunal.
Prægrandi pretio non nunc ſit vilius emptum:
Pro pelle agninâ non conſcia pectora vendi.
Anglia *corruptum timeat non amplius* Æquum.
Ipſe ſuſurrus abeſt. Ex hoc oritura periclo,
(*Hæc quantum poterit SUCCESSIO!*) *tota timoris*
Umbra evaneſcit. Nec Roma, *venena, nec auris.*

Aere

Thy great *Euſebian* chaſte *Diana Train*,
Bath'd in thy Streams, or wandring o'er thy Plain,
All undiſturb'd ſecure their Halcyon Reign.

From the cheer'd Hearts, and all the ſmiling Eyes
In *Albion*'s Two great *Science Nurſeries.*
From thoſe Learn'd Heads, the Honour of the *Gown*,
Faith-Guardians, Champions of th' Immortal Crown,
To *CÆSAR*'s Champions next, Guardians of *Right*;
T' *Aſtrea*'s Learned Sphere take thy wing'd flight:
Aſtrea's Sphere indeed. No longer driven
The exile Maid to a protecting Heav'n,
Safe to her *Albion* Throne may now retreat:
The kind *NASSAU* rebuilt her falling Seat;
By *ANNE* rais'd higher yet, it ſafely ſtands,
Deckt with new Gemms, new Luſter, from Her Hands.
To fix for ever her unſhaken Throne,
That Work's reſerv'd for *HANNOVER* alone.

Yes, ſo ſecurely fixt! Damm'd up no more,
Law's ſacred *Fount* her balmy Streams ſhall pour.
No more the *Long Robe's* Price ſo high enhanc'd;
Judges firſt Cloſeted, and then advanc'd.
No too high-priz'd Tribunal Seat to hold,
To buy a Lambskin, a whole Conſcience ſold.
Albion no more corrupted Juſtice fears:
This bleſt SUCCESSION that Contagion clears;
No *Rome* to whiſper; and no poyſon'd Ears.

Aere nunc Aulæ *volites, mea Musa; Serenos*
Hîc vultus, almam pacem, circumflua muris
Gaudia, conspicias. Cùm Vox Populique Deique
Advocat HANNONIUM, *quantum Aulæ mœnia clangunt!*
Non hîc fumatus nunc Subterraneus olim
Vulcanus, *fabricans Romana Incendia, Luce*
Guidonæ * *infernos* laternæ *suscitat ignes.*
Obsequio, larvata, genu non Curia, *ficto,*
Flectit, & unà odit: Majestatique protervæ
Non nunc Magnatum *prænobilis Histrio-turma*
Abjectè inservit, simulataque Pompa Thronorum.
Ecce Periscelides, *non nunc,* stellatus Honosque,
Vilius Ignatî *pecus, hoc dominantius agmen,*
Supplicat. HANNONII *Nomen totam abluet istam*
Æternè à Solio pestemque luemque Britanno.
HANNONII *grato exhilarata,* Britannia, *Sceptro,*
Consilia Imperii studia in contraria scindi
Nunc tua non poterint; tollentque Palatia turres
Non ultrà invisas humili lare. Factio, murmur,
Totè evanescent: Concentû unita beato,
Regiaque & tua nunc popularia prospice vota.
Aulicus, & Patriæ pater, *hæc discordia quondam*
Nomina, conciliata, perenni pace fruentur.

Gaudia nunc toto promiscua ab ore Britanno,
Gaudia non torvæ quassanda Tyrannidis astû,
Nec dolenda Ævis; hæc gaudia concine, Musa.
Nullus abhinc Phaeton; *non nunc mente ille supernè*
Captus, toto errans Cæloque, libidine raptus

Effræni,

* *Guido Faux.*

Take thy next Flight, my *Muſe*, in the *Court Air*:
View th' Health, Peace, Joy, all ſmiling Aſpects there.
When to her Throne her *HANNOVER* ſhe calls,
All Eyes look gay within the *Royal Walls*.
Yes, 'tis the beauteous Region of Delight:
Rome's Sooty Chymiſts here no more ſhall fright,
Nor blow their Coals by *Guido*'s Lanthorn Light.
No more ſhall ſervile *Courts* cringe where they hate;
No more the Nobleſt Veins ignobly wait,
Forc'd to fill up the Hypocrite Pomp of State.
Our *Stars* and *Garters* ſhall no longer now
T' *Ignatian* Vermine, Lordlier Minions, bow.
Great *HANNOVER*, his very Name alone,
For ever ſweeps thoſe Locuſts from the Throne.
Cheer'd by his Reign thy Harmony of Pow'r,
Britannia, now ſhall be untun'd no more.
Thy Peace no more divided Factions bar:
Ev'n *Court* and *Country*, ſounds too oft at jar,
Shall here that reconciling Union find;
Courtiers and *Patriots* Names for ever joyn'd.

Now pleas'd *Britannia*, what's thy General Joy?
Joys, which no louring Pow'r ſhall e'er deſtroy.
No more ſhall Bigot *Phaeton*'s aſpire,
Thoſe rapid Drivers ſet thy World o' fire.

Wiſely,

Effræni, renovare horrenda incendia Mundo,
Ambiet Imperium------Nunc, Anglia, Pallade *totâ*
Staṣ munita ; tui Currûs *Defenſor ab iſtis*
Aurigis, Regni Solares fortis habenas
Abnegat his Dextris, vigil atque armata Minerva.
Inſula ter fœlix, plaga tuta ſub aere ſano
Temperieque poli, tu verè habitabilis Orbis,
Expetat HANNONIUM *Loris ſpes fauſtior Anglis.*
Exoriente tuis hoc divo Lumine Sceptris,
Exurget lætis Terriſque, & ovantibus Aſtris,
Calidus hinc Radius, non uſto torridus Orbi.

HANNONII *Introitû longùm* Roma *exulat ; ipſa*
Romana eradet divum veſtigia Sceptrum.
Ultima ſpes evaneſcit, curſûque peracto,
Tota Veneficia æternè finita lateſcunt.
Sic olim ſimulata Deos Oracula, *quorum*
Inferno ſolùm inflatù vox edita, Magni
HEBRÆI *ad PARTUS orientia Lumina Mundo,*
In ſempiternum damnata ſilentiaque, alto
Et capita abdiderant horrenda in Erynnidis *Antro.*

En ubi pacificus de Cœlis ora JACOBUS
Protulit, huic Dextræ dandis benedicere Sceptris.
Heu meminiſſe libet: Totam radicitùs ore
Divino illapſam Stirpem execrante, STUARTE,
Væ tibi Progenies, dixit, perdenda, protervas
Incantamentis Romæ *qui porrigis aures.*
Dixit & effecit: Stetit irrevocabile Dictum.
FIAT ita Omnipotens Verbum Factumque locutum eſt.

Wisely, *Britannia*, with that Care and Pains
From those mad Hands thou barr'st thy *Chariot* Reins,
With this Foundation of thy Regal Throne,
Thus fixt, blest Isle, in thy true Temp'rate Zone,
To this fair SUN thy smiling Aspect turn.
The Rising *HANNOVER* shall warm, not burn.

Nay *Rome*'s whole Hopes now so entirely fail,
That *HANNOVER* ev'n cuts off their Entail.
Her Hellish Witchcraft's finish'd period done;
The Sorceries have their whole Circle run.
So the World's once fam'd *Oracles* of old,
All by Infernal Inspirations told,
Doom'd t' endless Silence, hid their Heads in Earth,
At the bright Dawn of the Great *HEBREW* BIRTH.

Albion's First *JAMES* sure from his Heav'n look'd down,
To bless this fair Donation of a Crown.
Well he remembers with what Breath Divine
He Curst his whole Apostatizing Line.
Beware the *Stuart* Ear that shou'd presume
To hear th' enchanting Sorceries of *Rome*!
The Seals of Destiny the Doom await.
So the great *FIAT* spoke, and spoke with Fate.

Oh nimis Orac'lum? Fatum intonat ore vovente.
Nuper enim ex alto vidit (ſuſpiria ſi ſint
In Cœlis halanda; & lacrima miſceat inter
Gaudia in Excelſis) vultûque madente, paterno
Ingemitûque, Sacri Capitis ter flebile fatum:
Naufraga ſceptra, Anglæ Majeſtatiſque ruinas----
Perdita quid ſi ſit; quodque addere Muſa tremiſcit,
(Tam durum ingratum repeti) ſit perdita juſte;
Et juſta hîc lacrima eſt. Tantas plorare ruinas
Heu quid non debet Pietas! Pietatis eodem
Ex fonte hic oculus hæc debita ſolvit in Aſtris.
Juſtitia, *oh verè* divina, *ulciſceris, unà*
Et miſereris; Ea eſt animis cœleſtibus Ira.

Triſtius hoc retrô cûm mente revolverat altâ,
Perlætata trahit Providentia fauſtior ora.
Conditor Unitæ Gentis, *nunc, Inſula fælix,*
Te videt, oh charum quondam tutamen; ovanſque
Ad ſua fert animum. Sacriora hîc ſtemmata cernit.
En ubi Mens ſana, & longævè ſtrenua Virtus,
Hæc ſibi BOJEMAS animant vitalia VENAS.
Hæ non delirant: Non ægri Somnia turbant
Pectora; veſanæ procul hinc contagia Romæ.
VERUM, cœleſte Oh VERUM, tu cui ferè Nomen
Datque DEO titulum, ſolium fundatque ſupernum,
Gloria præclaros hos fulgentiſſima Frontes
Ex ſempiternis Lucis tibi Fontibus ornat.

Dum

Orac'lous was the Voice; for, Oh, he ſaw
Th' Effects of the entail'd *Anathema.*
Ev'n with a Sigh (if Sighs can breath above,
And a Tear fall amidſt Eternal Joy)
With melting Eyes from true Paternal Love,
He ſaw the loſt late falling Majeſty.
The Fall ſo Great----And if the Muſe is bound
To thoſe hard Laws to breath th' ungrateful ſound,
And ſay the Fall ſo Juſt;-----as juſt are all
The trickling Sorrows which lament that Fall.
The duteous Tears from genuine Fountains flow,
To ſee declining Glory ſink ſo low.
What do's not Piety owe t' a Crown'd Head?
From this Celeſtial Eye the Tear's thus ſhed.
When Heavenly Minds th' avenging ſtroke perſue,
Their *Juſtice* puniſhes, but pities too.

From this too ſad Remembrance with a Smile,
On his once Royal Charge this happy *Iſle*,
All charm'd he ſees in his *BOHEMIAN* VEINS
All *Health*, and ever vigorous *Virtue* reigns.
No ſickly Taint can find an Entrance there.
No vap'rous Damp from *Rome*'s infectious Air.
TRUTH, all Celeſtial TRUTH, whoſe Name alone
Gives GOD a Title, and ev'n founds his Throne;
Shines in thoſe Veins ſo all Serenely bright,
The pureſt Streams from her great Fount of Light.

Now

Dum justa HANNONII *recitas præconia, totam*
Perfice, Musa, *operam : Cane, grandia Munera Cœli*
Quæ tulerit Gratis hic dilectissimus Astris,
Hinc magis illucenda angustâ Dote minorum
Fortunæ parcæ Hæredum : Minùs ecce beatos,
Heu ultrà Cineres haud plus quam Nomina Reges.

Quid tibi contulerint tanti, GULIELME, *Labores?*
Terminat illustres Vitæ brevis orbis Honores.
Quantula parsque tui, cineri, nisi Fama, *superfit!*
Immortale tuum totum dabit unica Fama.

Deliciæ, Gulielme, *Throni Thalamique* MARIA,
Non solùm Angliacæ Terræ, *sed Gloria quondam*
Cœlorum Albionis; *Sydus boreale,* MARIA;
Plusquam Constellata Anima, *& Mens plena polorum.*
Tam radians Pietas, Reginaque Divaque; *nondum*
Translata, Angelicæ certè pars maxima Turmæ.
Pectus ut hoc mirum struxit Providentia, Terris
Oh nimiùm præclustre, superni dignius Orbis;
Profluа Thesaurum manus hunc cumulasset Honorum,
Virtutum, Decorum; (*tantam quid condere gazam!*)
Præmiaque attulerat tanta arridentia gratis
A Cœlis Animo cœlesti; heu parca negavit
Hoc solum, cumulo ridentem *huic addere* Prolem.

Junior ANNA *Soror,* Britonum *pia* ELIZA *secunda,*
Divinum en divina sequens, Reginaque Regi

Non

Now *HANNOVER* to thy Great Name to pay
One juſt Debt more, here let the *Muſe* eſſay
To ballance thy ſublimer Portion giv'n,
Above the other Favourites of Heav'n.

Britain's NASSAU his ſhorter *Glories* Date
A narrow Leaſe of Life muſt terminate.
His own rich Thred of Life was all his Claim,
His Immortality lies all in *Fame.*

And Oh the beauteous Partner of his Throne,
MARIA, once not *Albion's World* alone,
All the whole *Albion Heav'n's* once Leading Light;
Religion, Piety, ſo dazling bright;
The QUEEN, the SAINT; a Breaſt ſo all refin'd,
Sure ev'n below in that Seraphick Mind,
Yet untranſlated the whole *Angel* ſhin'd.
When Providence had ſuch Perfection view'd
Of Heav'n too worthy, and for Earth too good;
Profuſely kind, had heap'd ſo vaſt a Maſs
Of every ſhining Virtue, ſmiling Grace;
She ſtopt her giving Hand, and wou'd not throw
To the rich Pile the ſmiling *Mother* too.

Second *ELIZA, ANNE*, by Heav'n decreed,
The *Heroine* the *Hero* to ſucceed:

Non impar. Quid ſi NASSOVIUS *extitit Anglus*
Mavors *in Campis*; Bellona *eſt* ANNA Britannis
Conſiliis, Armata Thronum conſcendit; *& Haſtâ*
Et Clypeo, (*his* ANNÆ *Sceptris,*) *innixa,* Britannûm
Martia DIVA *ſedet*; *Propugnatrixque Salutis,*
Ararum, Legum, Libertatumque; Penatum
Anglorum *cuſtos fidiſſima. Regia circùm*
Lumina convolvit; (*non dormit* Jupiter *Aſtris,*
Nec Terris Vindicta!) *parataque vincula collo*
Europæ *ſpectans*; *aſtus galloſque Fidemque*
Gallam horrens, Opus Herculeum *renovare, & hiantem*
Sternere Lernæam, *galeata en contrahit ora*;
Iriſque exardens, ANIMAM *ſpiranſque* Britannam,
Plena Deæ, *tota* ANNA *aſſurgit*; *ab Orbe tonante*
Fulmina demittens torquenda à Marte *Miniſtro,*
Læta laboranti vigilat ſuccurrere Mundo.

Grandior Aſtrorum cura eſt hæc Vita, beando
Imperio longùm Diis conſervata. Tuentur
Numina, Regna colunt; *& ſi ſtabilita Thronorum*
Sit baſis à precibus, precibus Thronus ipſe polorum

Appetitur

In Fame not rivall'd, nor outvy'd by Kings,
All her whole *Predeceſſor's* GLORY brings.
What tho' in Camps and Fields we wondring ſaw
The Guardian *Mars* of *Britain*, Great *NASSAU*;
ANNE, no leſs *Europe*'s Champion all Divine,
Reſolves her Throne ſhall her Pavilion ſhine.
In *Albion's Counſels* the *Bellona* reigns:
There the great *ANNE* her Martial Helm ſuſtains:
Mounts Arm'd to Empire, and in *Britain's* Cauſe,
Preſerver of her Altars, Freedom, Laws,
Her watchful Eye her Royal Charge to keep
Looks round; (nor *Jove* nor *Jove's Lieutenants* ſleep.)
From hence ſurveying the black hamm'ring Hands,
The Forge prepar'd for *Europe's* Servile Bands,
Rowz'd with a Bluſh at *GAUL's* inſulting Pride,
And more loath'd Faith, a Faith too amply try'd;
The long aſpiring *Hydra* to ſubdue,
Reſolves th' *Herculean Labour* to renew.
With all that glowing Frown, and generous Scorn,
All her own Innate Fires, true *ENGLISH*-BORN,
From her high *Orb of Thunder* ſhe commands
Her menial *Mars*, and miniſtring *Neptune's* Hands;
Her Bolts by their Commiſſion'd Vengeance hurl'd,
All pleas'd, the Sword unſheath'd, and Sails unfurl'd,
To ſuccour the Diſtreſſes of a World.

This Life by Providence preſerv'd to ſhow'r
More laſting Bleſſings from her Orb of Pow'r,
More watchfully her Angel Guards attend:
Here the Stars ſmile, and proſtrate Nations bend.

For

Appetitur ; fumant Altaria, cordaque flagrant.
Non deſunt votumque genuque: Hæc vendicat ANNA.

ANNÆ *tanta dedit Cœlum ; plus abſtulit* ANNA.
Illa etenim quantùm fauſta atque infauſta, ſub uno
Tecto Regali vixit vidiſſe ſuprema
Infimaque (Oh Cœli ludibria!) fata revolvi.
Nuper enim Mater *ter fœliciſſima, Pectus,*
Amplexus, Oculos, Genialia quanta replêrunt
Gaudia! (Magna venit tardo pede, ſed fugit alis
GLORIA) *Delicias Ævi, Votumque* Britannum,
Vidit, et heu ſolùm vidit: (Brevis Oh nimis Ætas
Immodicis) Quantâ ſpe decidit! Ecce Ruinas
Lugendas, jactas tot opes, tantoſque dolores!
Regiaque en ſola eſt Niobe *ſpoliata ſuperſtes.*

Hîc ſiſte----Infandum renovare Oh deſine Muſa:
Flenda file ; plaudenda cane ; Illuſtriſque SOPHIÆ
Elige perpetuis Memoranda Trophæa Camænis.
Quid Dii non dederint? Providentia tota SOPHIAM
Dilectam Superis ſtudet indefeſſa beare.
Illa Annis dives, SOBOLE *ditiſſima,* prolem
A ſeſe divam, MAJESTATEM *que perennem,*
Exortam ter fauſta videt. Videt Anglia *Sæclis*
Non extinguendum ſibi LUMEN. *Gloria Venis*
His emananda Imperii retinebit habenas,
Non illabendas, antè ille Platonicus Orbis
Finiat excurſum ; nec Lora diutiùs Æthon

Laſſatus

For her long *Race of* GLORY Altars shine;
Off'rings, Vows, Orisons, Knees and Hearts all joyn.
Cou'd Pray'rs found Thrones, *ANNE* that Devotion draws,
That *Albion* wrestles Heav'n in her great Cause.

Yet has not *ANNE* all Heav'ns kind Smiles engrost;
Vast Blessings she has found; but vaster lost.
Blest and unblest, beneath one Roof of State,
Has seen the whole Vicissitudes of Fate.
Once th' happiest Mother of the lovliest Charms,
The Darling of her Eyes, her Soul, her Arms.
But Oh that *Albion* ROSE's fatal blast!
With heavy steps *Great* JOYS come but slow-pac'd;
But they find Wings to part; and fly too fast.
Thus *ANNE* of *Albion*'s once best Hopes bereft,
Sees her self only the Great *Niobe* left.

Quit this too melancholy Region here;
Short be the painful Notes, and mourning Choir,
And soar, my *Muse*, to great *SOPHIA*'s Sphere.
The Blissful Ayrs which sprightlier Themes inspire;
Not the whole Nine in endless Songs can tire.
Sing then that happier dearer Charge above:
Hers the best Smiles of the *Immortal* LOVE;
Blest with long Years of Joy, she lives to see
A fair *Descent* of Deathless MAJESTY.
Britannia from this *Guardian* HEAD alone,
Calls never setting GLORY to her *Throne*.

Laſſatus radiata trahat, Phœbuſque *ruenti*
Occidat à Cœlo; & longùm dormire, Cubile
Sternat in æternum Thetis *ultima, nec* Thetis *ultrà.*

Non conceſſa fuit GULIELMO *hæc gratia cœli.*
Extinctis longùm Venis, Mors invida divum
Hoc Britonum *Decus abripuit*-----
Siſte nefanda viam, Carmenque obrumpe profanum.
Quò tibi, Muſa, *furor?* Mors & NASSOVIUS *unâ*
Voce loqui poterunt? Hæc diſſona nomina nunquam,
Oh nunquam coeant. Tibi nec modulaminis alti
Turbare Harmoniam diſcors iſte increpet horror.
Exulet è terris hæc umbra phrenetica ſpectri.
Oh tibi Defenſor, Europa, *opiferque dolenti,*
Neſciat ille mori, per quem tu vivere nôris.

Cum vocat Omnipotens, à lugentique recedis
Tu terrâ, GULIELME, *tuâ: Soror horrida dextrâ*
Heu tua ſtenda tenet pretioſæ ſtamina vitæ.
Nec quid Honoratum poterit Caput; invalet HEROS.
Tota exantlanda eſt licèt aurea currat arena.
Tolleris è vivis tu totus & integer; Hæres
Non datur his venis----*Sed quid tibi fata minantur!*
HANNONIUS *novus* AURIACUS *dum te tibi ſupplet*
Non tibi poſſe mori: Tibi tuque eris ipſe ſuperſtes.
Quid ſi non proles, quid ſi tibi funera, Phœnix,
Flamma, rogus, cineres, fato ſuccumbere neſcis.

Dum

Her Veins and Times last Glass together run,
Her *Lineal* RACE shall hold the Reins of Pow'r;
Till the whole Great *Platonick Circle*'s done,
When the tired Sun shall lag, and drive no more.

This Blessing Heav'n to Great *NASSAU* denies,
When that long lov'd, no less mourn'd WORTHY dies—
But hold, here stop my Muse----All in one Breath
Did'st thou not name the Great *NASSAU* and *Death*?
Those jarring Sounds shou'd ne'er together speak!
Twill all thy whole Harmonious Numbers break.
Bid that dire Thought's phantastick Spectres fly;
Great *Europe*'s Champion, Oh, must never die.

When at th' Almighty Call thy Earth resign'd
NASSAU, thou leav'st thy Mourning World behind;
Not darling Heads 'gainst Fate a Shield can hold:
Ev'n thy last Glass must run tho' Sands of Gold.
Must the whole HERO, thy extinguisht Veins,
All th' *Hero* die? No, thou thy own Remains,
In *HANNOVER* shall Deathless *WILLIAM* live:
He shall make *NASSAU* ev'n himself survive.
What tho' she breeds not, nor the merciless Fires
Spare her rich Pile, the *Phœnix* ne'er expires.

But

Dum tamen HANNONIO *ſolvunt pia Vota Tributum;*
Et tibi tuque petas celebrandas, Anglia, *laudes,*
Cum tàm grande ſonat donatæ fama Coronæ!------
Sed cur ſit donum Diadema; vel unde ſit amplum?
Heu tua larga manus dat Sceptrum, ut dives avarus
Fœnoris immenſi ſpe ſolùm accommodat Aurum.

Cum tuus HANNONIUS, *gratâ te dante, Coronam*
Gratior accipiat; tot reddita mille refundat
Proſlua diva Manus; donumque remuneret unum;
(Verè propitiis dextris cum lora reponis,
Imperium quid ſit niſi Cura, recepta beandi
Sceptra; repenſandi ſublimior Ambitus Orbis?)
Quid non fama canat, cùm ſceptro fauſta ſub uno
Advolet Angliacos Aquila Hannoniana *Leones.*

Utque hinc HANNONII *frontem redimire, Coronæ*
Defenſor *verè hic* Fidei, *decernitur Hæres.*
Juſteque hac dextrâ fœlici tota repoſta eſt
Grandior Ararum Cuſtodia, Cauſaque Cœli,
Sint magis exaltata Trophæa; nec iſta Britanni
Beſtia Martis, *Avis Germanica nec* Jovis *ultra.*
Cauſa Evangelica eſt: Evangele confer honores.
HANNONII *Clypeo Sacriora* Inſignia *ſupple;*
Des Aquilam, Johanne, *tuam; des,* Marce, Leonem.

Cum divum hoc Regimen, Stola Regiaque Albion, *albâ*
Hâc Scytalâ niteat; tibi ſic ſtellata Corona eſt;

Tu

But whilſt we pay Great *HANNOVER*'s juſt Due,
Albion thou claim'ſt thy ſhare of Praiſes too;
A Gift ſo vaſt as thy Imperial Seat----
But why thy Crown a Gift; or why ſo great?
Thy open Hand this Bounty only pour'd,
As Miſers for vaſt Int'reſt truſt their Hoard.

When *HANNOVER* on *Britain*'s Head ſhow'rs down
Th' immenſe Returns for thy preſented Crown;
The thouſand Bleſſings for one Gift ſo kind;
(For when to true protecting Hands reſign'd,
Empire is only Gratitude refin'd)
How ſhall Fame chant this Union all divine,
When with thy *Lyons* ſhall his *Eagles* joyn.

As *HANNOVER* wiſe *Britain* has decreed,
Her true Great *Faith's Defender*, ſhall ſucceed.
To this aſpicious Hand thus juſtly given
Her Altars Charge, her Sacred Cauſe of Heav'n,
No more thoſe bright *Regalia* in thy Shield,
The common Blazon of a Royal Field:
The Impreſs of thy Creſt now rais'd above
The *Britiſh* Beaſt of *Mars*, or *German* Bird of *Jove*:
So bright thy Evangelick Chaplets twine;
Mark's Champion *Lyon*, and *John*'s *Eagle* thine.

So white the Ermin of thy Royal Robe,
Thy Crown ſo Starr'd; thy Frame ſo all Divine;

Tu Terra ex terris, extraneus angulus Orbis,
Solis ad occaſum ſteteris, ſed Honoris ad ortum ;
Tu minor, Oh magni tolletur Gloria Sceptri
Supra mundanæ faſtidia inania molis.

Caſtalias dum tanta lyras Laus inſtruat, illa
Carmine tam vario cantata à voce Britannâ ;
Urania, *aje, Choros numeraſtine undique totos*
HANNONII? *Reſonant popularia Gaudia ſolùm,*
Ex hinc durandæ per ſæcula præſcia pacis ?
Tantis Auſpiciis ſtat ſolus debitor Orbis ;
Circulus iſte brevis!-----Non hæc Anguſtia famam
Terminat HANNONII. *Cœleſtior Incola, Diva*
Euſebia *hinc cernit ſtabilita Altaria ; (perdi*
Stellatæ poterit non unica Gemma Coronæ)
Angelicoſque choros vocat ad novà Carmina. Clangunt
Sydera ; tam gratam Cœlumque reverberat auram.
HANNONII *haud dicas hos Cantus, & minùs* Anglos:
Edocet Aſtra ſuos potiùs celelebrare triumphos.
Cœli res agitur. Cœlorum Gloria, Cauſa,
Conſervanda Fides, munitaque Templa, colenda
Numinaquè, HANNONII *cum ſint Provincia ; Divi*
Exultant, reſonant ſuper Æthera Gaudia, jungit compl.
Ipſaque Pœanas ſacra Hallelujah Britannos.

Dum tamen Hannoniana *per Æthera Muſa rotatur,*
Grandius huic Spheræ carmen modulata benignæ,.
Terriſque & Superis charum Caput aſpicit ; altos
Nulla choros turbat vox barbara ? Murmura nulla!
Non unus latrans ex triplice Cerberus *Ore?*

Oh thou great Weſtern Outly of the Globe,
How ſhall thy Pride the Inland World outſhine.

But whilſt th' *HANNONIAN* SONGS my Muſe inſpire;
Haſt thou, *Urania*, number'd all his Choir?
Is't an indebted World muſt only pay
(That narrow'r round) the Rites of this Great Day?
The Popular Eccho's only fill the Plain,
To ſee their Peace in this bleſt Fence immur'd?
The fair *Euſebia* in her Heav'nlier Reign,
Her Altars ſafe, her ſtarrier Crown ſecur'd;
Ev'n th' *Angel Choir* here to new Songs ſhall wake;
And well-pleas'd Heav'n the grateful Raptures take.
Such Influence this bleſt Succeſſion draws,
Their own the Glory, and their own the Cauſe;
Their own the Great Triumphant Rites aſſign'd,
Our *Iõ Pæans*, and their *Hallelujah's* joyn'd.

But whilſt we in this tuneful Region move,
Has th' Head ſo dear below, ſo lov'd above,
No murmuring Enemies; no ſnarling Spight?
From his new Riſing Throne can ſuch warm Light,
In th' Eyes of grinning Envy glare ſo bright;

And

A ſoliis exorta novis Tibi Gloria, *totâ*
Luce coruſcante Invidiæ confundat ocellos;
Horrida crinitis nec Alecto *ex anguibus unum*
Toto â Gorgonio vibrârit fronte colubrum?
Imò venenato furiali ex Agmine Magnus
En Draco, *Dux gregis horrendæ horrendiſſimus, ille*
Sanguine qui longo rubefecit Lilia; *torvus*
En ubi conſurgens, alarum ſpicula, nigras
Expandit pennas; turgentia Collaque tollit.
Pectore & à rabido pluſquam igneus halitus iras
Expromit: Toto flammante en ore boantem.

Tu verè hinc grandis, pluſquam Sampſonius Heros,
Fœdera, Juramenta, Ligaminaque, illa tremenda
Aſſumpto *ſancita D E O, tibi vincla puſilla.*
Galle, *tibi Cælum Terras ambire ſcabellum.*
Fabula vana Fides; vacuæ Mens conſcia nugæ.
Tu ſolùm tibi fide viam molire cruentam.
Nec vacat exiguis! Quid Jus, Æquumve? *Furenti*
Sunt mora nulla rotæ. Levior Currum Impetus urget.
Nulla Aſtrea *comes! Non hôc tu pondere tardas*
Virgineo rapidos, præceps Auriga, triumphos.
Juris & Imperii, coram te Judice, Cauſâ
Penſatâ, tu das Oracula ob ore tonantis
Juſtitiæ: Ratio *tibi ſola, tua* ultima, Fulmen.
Belgia *purpureum* Galli *bellantis Honorem*
Viderat. (Aurora *hæc* Ludovicea!) *Gloria prima eſt*
Te Pyrenæi *ſuperaſſe cacumina* Pacti.
Quid te detineat? Fieri ſi Fœdera *poſſint*
Pyrene *ipſe; tibi per* Lethes *non* Stygis *undas*
Juranti, Hannibali *quid ſaxum hoc debile* Gallo? *Hos*

And the dire Fury not one brandiſht Snake
From her whole Tire of *Gorgon* Treſſes ſhake?
Yes, ſee the keeneſt of her poys'nous Stings,
The alarm'd **Dragon** ſtretch his ſpotted Wings:
That dreadfulleſt of all her angry Pow'rs,
Rowz'd from his Bed of *Sanguin'd Lillies*, lou'rs.

Great *Lewis*, in whoſe more than *Sampſon* Hands,
Leagues, *Oaths*, and *Sacraments* are Cobweb Bands;
He who to graſp at Earth, makes Heav'n his Tool,
Conſcience a Jeſt, and Faith all ridicule;
True only to himſelf he hews his way,
Unſtopt by Right or Juſtice fooliſh Plea:
Free from their heavy Luggage to his Cauſe,
His proud Triumphant Chariot lighter draws.
He tries Dominion, Title, Empire, all,
By Pow'rs laſt Dint of Reaſon, *Cannon-ball.*
This Early *Jehu* in the *Flandrian* Wars,
His firſt long ſtride o're-leapt the *Pyrenæan Barrs.*
Were Treaties *Pirenees*; all feeble Blocks,
Gaul's *Hannibal* wou'd cut through ſuch weak Rocks.

Hos ut inæquandos in Campis tollis Honores,
Non Pietas *tibi* Marte *minor ! Tua diva Trophæa*
Quò non elata exultent ! Quæ pectora poſſunt
Inflatus ambire tuos ; Ludovicea Vota ?
Oh nunquam tibi poſſe parem dare ſæcla nec Orbes !
Quantæ molis erat te condere ! Quis Labor Aſtris !
Te Mundo quærat Nemo quæ fata dederunt :
Fata vetent operam repeti----Sudantis ad Aras
Romanas *quantus* Ludovici *pectoris Ardor ?*
Terreſtri Ambitui non ſacrior Ambitus impar.
Religio *quid non audet tua ? Tendit ad Aſtra*
Spes tua Cœleſtis, quondam ut Titania proles
Aggreſſa Æthereos cumulatis montibus Orbes.
Haud minor ecce Labor. Tibi ſcalas erigis altas
Cœlis ſcandendis Cladem Stragemque : Gigantum
Montes, en Gallo *cumulata cadavera ſupplent.*

Europæ *hic Prædo, cui vitæ millia mille,*
Tot jugula exhauſta, Ambitui cecidere voraci
Victima purpurea ; (heu nondum ſatiata cruore
Æternè ſitiet licèt ebria ſanguine Febris ;)
Tam longâ rabie non hic exarſerit Heros,
Sed furor ecce novus rapitur majoribus auſis.
En ubi Spes Galli, ſed Origo Britannica, *Venæ*
Vel magis ambiguæ quam **Fons** Ludoviceus, *Ortus*
Hic dubius Magni Ludovici *cura fovetur.*
Quid non hæc poterint Cunab'la ? Quid attrahat illa
Hinc proles, imbuta recens, nutritaque tanto
Suſceptore ? Ex hinc Genius, Mens, Ambitus, omne

Inflandum :

If ſuch is his unequall'd **Glory's** due,
Sure his **Devotion's** an Original too.
Alas, not World's nor Ages e'er muſt find
Samples of his inimitable kind.
Whate'er Pow'rs gave the World a Birth ſo great;
High Heav'n forbid they ſhou'd their Work repeat.
The warmeſt Zealot of *Rome's* Bigot Pow'rs,
Like his *Ambition*, his *Religion* tours.
His Heav'nly Hopes bear their uplifted Head
In the ſame Path the Sons of *Titan* led.
He to the Toyl of the old *Gyants* driven,
Forc'd to heap Mountain Piles to mount to Heav'n,
To make his Scaling-Ladders to the Skies,
With Piles of Slaughter their heap'd Hills ſupplies.

This furious Hunter, whoſe mad Thirſt of Fame
With hundred hundred thouſand ſtreaming Veins,
So gorg'd; yet ſo unquench't th' inſatiate Flame,
With no leſs Drought the burning Feavor reigns;
Has not ſo madly trod the Stage before,
But for one heighten'd Scene of Frency more,
Fond ev'n of Veins more doubtful than his own,
A Nurs'ry warm'd by *Lewis* Beams alone;
That young *Adoption* ſo ſublimely bred,
So early from *His* Cradle Nurture fed,

From

Inflandum : Hæc ſimilis ſimili dedit. A Jove Gallo
Decreta eſt Sceptris hæc Gloria mima Britannis.

Terrarum Imperium longo Molimine Galli
Quæſitum, minus hoc, galla inter ſomnia, mirum.
Sed quando Ambitio ſic effrænata tumeſcit,
Somniaque alta petit tam cælitùs, ut ſibi Numen
Arroget, hinc Orbem ſtupefecit ; dummodo tantas
Projicit ampullas tam vana Superbia, demens
Ut Vox ſola, merè Galli, *putet, halitus oris*
Ipſe loqui Fato poterit ; Regeſque novelli
Tam levitèr fuerint Nutû Verboque creandi.

Galla Angli *ponenda* Throni *fundamina, ſolùm*
Hanc operam aeriam Ludovicea Machina *movit.*
Cùm Gallus *prægnans hoc* Jupiter *edidit auſum,*
A divo cerebello heu nata minutula Pallas.
Tam grande Inceptum propriâ depingere plumâ,
Adſtitit hîc Lucina, *immenſa* Audacia *ſolùm ;*
Dormiit ad rapidum Prudentia *parvula partum.*
Non facilè aſcendit Regni Graſſator ; opuſque
Non leve poſſe rapi credat Diadema Britannum.

Sceptrorum huic fabro tentare per ardua tutè
Tantam tanta viam, (ſit ſiqua Minervula *tali*
Conſilio,) Galli Labor ille, Britannia, *Primus*
(Si modo poſſe) tuos ſit conſopiiſſe Leones:
Non tantas armâſſe iras, ut conſcia læſæ
Regna Poteſtatis ſurgant, & Gloria vindex
Fulminet in proprium contundere pulveris ortum

Hanc

From his great Founder's Model ſtampt his own,
He ſets this Pageant up for th' *Albion Throne.*

To Univerſal Empire to aſpire,
Lewis long Golden Dream, we leſs admire,
But here we ſomething more amazing view,
When the big Dreamer graſps at *Godhead* too;
Vainly puff't up to that ſtupendious height,
To think his *Word* alone can ſtamp with Fate;
Such cheap-made Kings ev'n with a *Breath* create.

This *French* Foundation of an *Engliſh* Throne,
Such airy Caſtlework, was all his own.
Gaul's teeming *Jove*, at this prodigious Birth,
Brought but a very ſmall *Minerva* forth.
This vaſt Deſign, its Glory to confeſs,
Had Daring infinite, but Thinking leſs.
Starters to Empire not ſo eaſily riſe:
Britain's gay Diadem's a tougher Prize.

This Scepter-founder for ſo bold a puſh,
Shou'd wiſely firſt have lull'd her *Lyons* huſh;
Not rowz'd an *Engliſh* Arm of Pow'r more juſt
To Pound his new-made *Dagon* into Duſt.

Hanc DIVI *Effigiem lutenſem, fictile Numen.*
Dum tamen Icariis rapitur Veſania pennis,
Sic monet errantem Prudentior Anglia Gallum.

" *Heu* MAJESTATI *non ille typographus* ANGLÆ:
" *Nec* Regale Aurum *Gallâ à fornace petendum.*
" GLORIA *ſiquando* DIVA *excudenda* Britanna *eſt,*
" *Tu tua ſola fabræ es; tuaque,* Anglia, *ſceptra tueris,*
" *Ut quondam tenuit* Paradiſea Janua *clavem.*
" Gloria lapſa *tuos Oh nunquam poſſidet hortos.*
" *Excludi æternum eſt. Tibi, firmior,* Anglia, Porta
" *Clauditur* Edenſis: *Flammantem conſpice* DEXTRIS
" *En tibi* QUINGENTIS *propugnatricibus Enſem.*

FINIS.

Alas, this Tourer takes too wild a Flight,
But wiſer *Albion*, at this clearer Light,
Reſolves to ſet the Royal Wand'rer right.

" No *Britiſh* MAJESTY of *Lewis* Print!
" No *Engliſh Sterling* from a *Gallick* Mint!
" Her Stamp of KINGS muſt be her own true *Mould*.
" Her *Garden*, like the Bliſsful *Bow'rs* of old,
" *Excluſion* and *Faln Glory* ne'er muſt hold.
" *Britain*'s barr'd *Eden Gate* ſecurelier ſtands:
" The Flaming Sword's in her FIVE HUNDRED
Guardian Hands.

THE END.

Alas, this Tower takes too wild a Flight,
But wiser Albion, at this clearer Light,
Relolves to fix the Royal Wand'rer right.

"No Britiſh MAJESTY of Jeris Print!
"No Engliſh Sterling from a Gallick Mint!
"Her Standard of KINGS muſt be her own true Mould.
"Her Garden, like the Bleſſed Boers of old,
"Exclufion and Falſe Glory ſhe'll not hold.
"Britain's barr'd Ears the Jeſuelite ſhands:
"The Flaming Swords in her FIVE HUNDRED
Guardian Hands.